

I Cannot Sleep, I Cannot Dream Tonight by HunterByDayWhovianByNight

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Angst and Romance, F/M, Feelings Realization, Post-Season/
Series 01, Pre-Season/Series 02, Sharing Clothes

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Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

“I miss you in waves and tonight I’m drowning. You left me fending for my life and it feels like you’re the only one who can bring me back to the shore alive.” - Denice Envall

Mike didn't expect Eleven to make him both so hopeless and hopelessly in love.

I Cannot Sleep, I Cannot Dream Tonight

Author's Note:

Lmao crying because this season was a bitch to my emotions :) Title is from "I Miss You" by Blink-182.

~Hunter

Some nights, Mike got lonely. Undeniably and gut-wrenchingly lonely. He went on El's channel every night before bed and after dinner to see if she would be there, trying to reach back. Always with the day, always with the time. He sat in the fort he made for El, waiting for minutes on end for the static to break, for El's soft voice to come over the machine, to no avail.

Some nights, Mike got depressed. When he heard her voice in his mind or saw her face in a dream, or felt her leave a light touch to his face, he felt hopeless. He could barely sleep in his own bed and always ended up going downstairs to stay in the fort or just sleeping in the fort altogether. He would put on the navy sweater and grey sweats he loaned her, clutch the radio to his chest, and slip under the blanket to sleep. He would usually cry. He loved her so goddamn much, even if he didn't want to admit it to himself just yet. His heart felt heavy and he felt pure sadness in the pit of his stomach.

Some nights, Mike got heartbroken. He thought of all the ways he'd seen El, how she was able to flip cars and lift objects and burn the radio. He was so in awe of her and everything she could do. It was her power, her strength, her gaze that made him inexplicably drawn to her. He never stopped thinking about her, and he held fast to that last, fleeting glimpse of her when she looked through the curtains of his house. He remembered how sad, how terribly heartbroken she looked. It only made Mike cry even more, and he wasn't sure he was going to make it through all of *this* if he didn't have her. Everything reminds him of El.

Some nights, Mike got hopeful. He would lie in his bed or in the fort and wish El would come back or even respond to his transmissions. It's why he kept up his broadcast to her every night without fail and

kept some joy, some anticipation. He never wanted to stop looking for her. He vowed that to himself the moment that she didn't come out of the Upside Down. He vowed that to himself as he slept in the fort the night those government assholes tried to get out of him where she was. Mike would find El and keep her safe, keep her somewhere that she'd never be found. He never wanted someone to harm her ever again. All Mike ever hoped for anymore was to hear her voice or see her face again.

Author's Note:

me, in ya brain: kudos/comment on this fic
you: but why
me, in ya brain: you gotta

~Hunter